(Revised Screenplay)

November 14th, 2002

INT. HARRY'S ROOM – NIGHT

(The night is warm,

but Harry is restless.

He sits on the edge of his bed,

a scroll in his hands.

Hedwig perched by the window

silent as always

yet somehow listening

harry unraveled the parchment

his eyes tracing ancient lines

the words of danion

spoke of dreams

and beasts

and kings

a boy taken from his home

and given a new name

in a foreign land of sorcery

and fire

harry paused

he looked up at Hedwig

this is about me

isn’t it

he muttered under his breath

taken from where i belong

brought to a place

where wands wave

and potions swirl

and men chase immortality

he touched the page again

in this scroll

danion was loyal

even in evil places

and helpers came to him

but me

what am i doing here

am i supposed to be loyal

why did Hagrid

give me this scroll

why this one

harry leaned closer to the candlelight

reading deeper

as shadows flickered across the room

visions of horns

and statues of gold

kingdoms rising and falling

and a stone

cut without human hands

smashing it all to dust

a kingdom everlasting

harry’s breath slowed

Hedwig blinked

he whispered

is this what is coming

Am I dreaming or is it th..

Then

a loud voice from below

HARRY POTTER

harry closed the scroll quickly

and placed it in within the jar

his uncle’s voice again

HARRY

he sighed

and laid the scroll under his bed

and stood

Hedwig ruffled his feathers

harry looked at him

Half-smiling

Half-burdened

i’ll be back

he stepped toward the door

dragging his feet like chains

the candle flickered once more

the scroll of the exiles code

remained on the bed

still glowing faintly

EXT. DUMBLEDORE’s OFFICE - NIGHT

the door closed behind him.

the echo of its latch felt louder than it should.

the night was still dark

harry stood for a moment,

staring at nothing.

then he walked.

slow steps.

empty halls.

his own breath sounding like whispers.

he spoke under it.

alone

with no one but Him

“why is this happening to me?”

he slowly cries

what is going on?

am i going insane?

his voice trembled.

i hear voices…

and i can’t make it stop.

it’s too much.

what have i done?

he stopped beneath a tall window

where moonlight spilled across the stone.

his hands shook.

the more i learn their spells…

the more strange things

start happening to me.

and now—everyone thinks i’m possessed.

he looked up,

eyes wet,

what do i do, Father?

i don’t understand.

i know you sent me here for a reason

i know i can’t serve voldemort

he’s sick

even the teachers

what even was that bird

i saw in his office

a Phoenix?

is this what the school relies on?

instead of you?

why am i even here?

i cant trust no one

not even dumbledore

the wind moaned faintly through the corridor.

he pressed his palms together,

not even noticing the tears.

dripping down his robe

please help me.

i need You.

i can’t live without you

have you abandoned me?

please don’t abandon me please

i can’t do this without you

im nothing without you

the hall stayed silent.

but hedwig landed softly on the sill above him,

Watching,

and harry knew he had been heard.

he goes back into his dorm

and sleeps peacefully

and smiles

with a heart filled with hope

INT. ABANDONED BATHROOM – NIGHT

Harry’s looking around the empty,

damp bathroom.

Water drips in slow echoes.

Myrtle’s sobbing fades into the background.

Something white and weathered

catches his eye under a broken tile near the sink.

It isn’t a diary.

It’s a rolled parchment

cased in a wooden tube

with a mark on its cover

a lion and a lamb

The Scroll of Zeke

the seal was broken long ago.

INT. EMPTY DORM ROOM – NIGHT

later in his dorm room

alone

harry opens the tube

When he unrolls it,

the ink glows faintly,

as if alive.

Moonlight leaks in through cracked windows.

The parchment is spread across the desk of Harry .

Hedwig perched silently on a rusted sink.

Harry reads aloud,

and his voice becomes a whisper

as the inked words shimmer

the scene begins to move.

and BEHOLD

A VISION

A city of living light,

suspended in a sky

that has no sun

yet never darkens.

Towers gleam like crystal;

rivers flow like glass.

On a vast stair of fire,

the King sits,

robed in white,

a crown that blazes like the dawn.

At the foot of the stair stands a Prince

Prince Tom Riddle

tall,

radiant,

crowned in silver.

His beauty was fierce,

but his eyes were restless.

PRINCE TOM

(pleading)

I have served,

I have guarded,

I have sung Your praise before the hosts.

Give me the throne,

O King.

Let me rule as You rule.

KING

(voice like thunder over water)

It was never yours to take.

PRINCE TOM

Then I will take it.

His crown cracks.

A wind like fire tears through the court.

The stars tremble.

KING

Arrogance was found in you.

Your place is no longer here.

(The Prince’s face twists

—

rage

grief

defiance

and his form shatters into smoke

The vision swirls into shadows

and Harry sees the smoke drift down

toward a green and broken land,

where four humans in dark cloaks raise

stones into a great castle…)

HARRY

“Gryffindor,

Ravenclaw,

Hufflepuff,

Slytherin?”

(harry mutters)

“what is it all this about “

———

BACK TO HARRY

(He gasps,

snatching his hands from the parchment.)

The images vanish.

Only the words remain

faint

like they are centuries old

HARRY

(reading to himself)

and so it was done

he was forever banished

from The Everlasting Kingdom…

(Hedwig shifts,

ruffling his feathers,

watching him like he knows

what he just saw.

Harry’s breath catches.

he looks back out his window

the castle towers look taller

darker…

crowned with black clouds.

He looks up sharply.

Hogwarts’ pipes groan in the walls

like something living.

And for the first time,

Harry is shocked…

unable to sleep for a few hours

wondering if the school

was even safe for him to dwell in the beginning)

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS – DAY

The sky is grey,

heavy with clouds.

students cross the courtyard,

heading to their next class.

Harry walks quickly between Ron and Hermione,

clutching his satchel.

His eyes are alive with something between awe and fear.

HARRY

(blurting out)

I saw him.

HERMIONE

Saw who?

HARRY

Tom Riddle.

Not the way you think —

not as a student.

I saw… before all of this.

Before Hogwarts.

RON

Oh, brilliant, Here we go.

HARRY

No, listen!

Tom Riddle

he’s not some student who dwelled in Hogwarts

i saw the real him

in a vision

He’s not even… human

He was a prince.

In some place… a kingdom in the sky,

all light.

And he spoke to a King

and asked for His throne.

HERMIONE

Harry,

that sounds like some fairy ta—

HARRY

He was cast out!

Stripped of his crown— turned into smoke.

And that smoke came down here.

To four people.

They built this place

they built the school

hogwarts

not just for kids to learn magic

but for Voldemort to come back and rule here

RON

Mate… you sound barmy.

Why would Voldemort want a army of little kids

who can barely fight

my wand is broken for gosh sakes

he only wants you and your scar for all i know

HERMIONE

yeah Harry, it was probably just—

magic in the scroll.

that they put in to fool you

Some kind of illusion.

HARRY

It wasn’t an illusion.

It was… true.

I felt it.

i felt them laying the stone steps to the castle.

Harry stops suddenly.

HARRY

I’ll show you.

Come on.

He turns and runs.

Ron and Hermione exchange a worried look before following.

INT. HARRY'S DORM – MOMENTS LATER

Harry bursts in,

tossing clothes aside,

reaching for the spot under his bed

where he hid the wooden case.

He freezes.

The case is gone.

Only a faint imprint of dust remains.

Harry's face hardens —

a mix of panic and dread.

HARRY

Someone’s taken it.

(A distant rumble of thunder rolls through the castle.

Hermione and Ron stand in the doorway,

unsure whether to step closer.

Harry stares at the empty space

like it’s a grave.)

HARRY

(under his breath)

They must know that I saw it.

INT. HOGWARTS – CORRIDOR – NIGHT

The air is heavy.

Footsteps echo.

Professor McGonagall stands stiffly in the torchlight,

her lips pressed tight.

McGONAGALL

Another attack has taken place.

This time… Miss Granger.

The Mandrakes are still not ready.

We have no way of reviving her.

(The students murmur,

faces pale.)

McGONAGALL

It is likely the school will be closed.

You will return to your dormitories immediately.

You will be escorted.

(She turns and marches away.

The crowd disperses slowly.

Harry and Ron remain rooted,

both shaken.)

RON

Hermione…

(Harry’s eyes are distant,

troubled.)

HARRY

Ron… if the school closes…

we'll never find out who took it.

RON

Took what?

(Harry lowers his voice,

glancing around.)

HARRY

The scroll.

The one I found…

and told you and Hermione about.

Whoever took it—

It has to be someone who knows

where the chamber of secrets is

maybe we can find the culprit who attacked hermone

RON

who do you think it might be?

maybe Snape, i will you

i hate the look he gives me in class

HARRY

pfff If there was even a chance…

he wouldn’t have gotten far

definitely not snape

but Hagrid

he knows hogwarts better than anyone

even its backstory

we have to talk to him.

Before they shut everything down.

Ron hesitates,

then nods grimly.

They turn down the corridor,

quickening their pace toward the grounds.

INT. THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS – NIGHT

The stone doors grind shut behind Harry,

sealing him in.

The air is wet,

heavy.

Carved serpents coil along the walls,

their stone eyes watching.

Harry moves cautiously,

his hand tight on his wand

— but he’s not here to fight.

His eyes are fixed on the far end of the chamber.

There — a stone throne,

raised on a dais.

At its base,

Ginny Weasley lies motionless.

Harry hurries forward —

but a shadow detaches itself from the columns

and steps into the light.

there stands a Shadow in the midst of darkness

TOM RIDDLE

———

TOM

(quietly)

Looking for this?

(He turns,

revealing the wooden scroll case

in his hand.

The seal has been broken.)

HARRY

Give it back.

TOM

She wanted to read it.

but I showed her the right way

(Harry glances at Ginny,

pale and still.)

HARRY

What did you do to her?

TOM

Only what she let me do

She heard my voice in the halls

she spoke the language only i have

parseltongue

just like you

and she let it in

(steps closer)

and now here she lays

she won’t wake

don’t even bother trying Potter

my same voice spoke to you in a vision,

didn’t it?

———

HARRY

It wasn’t your voice.

TOM

(smiling)

No.

It was His.

The King.

hmph

(beat)

He betrayed me.

———

(Harry’s breath catches.)

TOM

I was His prince once —

the crown was always mine.

rightfully

But He feared me.

Feared what I could build.

Feared that i would be a better and Stronger King than he was

So he spoke lies to the Council

and He casted me out to keep his crown

HARRY

Liar

I saw you there

You deserved it.

TOM

(chuckling)

Or… maybe He was wrong.

(steps forward slowly, circling Harry)

Think about it you fool

of Course i’m the one you should trust

The King is supposed to be worshippped

yet gives His power to no one.

He could have shared the throne.

Instead, He gave me exile…

and silence.

(Harry’s jaw tightens.)

TOM

But exile isn’t death.

I found others

Humans

foolish

and unaware

yet willing to listen

willing to bow at my command

without even knowing my name

hahaha

HARRY

You’re SICK

you only care about yourself

why would anyone want to bow to a king

who doesn’t even love them or know them

TOM

WHO ARE YOU TO CHALLENGE ME POTTER?

You’ve never tasted any power in your LIFE

humans are mine

they always were

the Throne

my own kingdom

was always meant for me

and i found four wonderful builders

brilliant

gifted

hungry for me

———

HARRY

The Founders Of Hogwarts

That’s why you sent them here didn’t you?

TOM

(nods)

I whispered to them in their sleep.

I showed them a dream —

a better kingdom.

A fortress of knowledge

and power…

(steps closer)

One that they could see with their own eyes here on earth

create with their own hands.

So they built it.

Stone upon stone,

year after year.

how noble of them

They thought they were building for the children of men.

But I was patient.

They were building for me.

their real KING

———

HARRY

You and your SICK self made Hogwarts a pawn for Madness

and so that’s what this chamber of secrets was for

a throne room for you?

TOM

(chuckling softly)

Why wouldn’t I?

Every hallway is mine.

Every lesson is mine.

Every student is a seed waiting to grow…

(beat, gaze fixed)

Even you Potter

———

HARRY

I’m nothing like you

TOM

That’s what He said about me.

called me insane

called me mad

but it takes a mad man

to make a wonderful story

hahahaha

a wonderful whimsical story

la la la

(dances around in a circle)

HARRY

stop it

i’ve had enough of your Lies

and your foolishness

i only serve one King

TOM

only really?

well then

if you’re such a wonderful strong Knight

then why you don’t just Kill me?

GO AHEAD

do it

Try me

(Harry gets angry and lifts up his fist

A deep rumble echoes.

From the shadows behind the chamber

the Basilisk emerges —

massive,

ancient,

eyes glimmering.

It does not roar.

It simply moves,

silent and certain,

hissing

like a silent Snake)

TOM

You can take the scroll back

if you can pass my guardian.

ATTACK BASILISK

KILL HIM

(The Basilisk surges forward.

Harry runs,

bolting between the stone columns.

The serpent’s hiss follows,

closer and closer.)

INT. CHAMBER – NARROW TUNNEL

Harry stumbles into a tight passage

dead end.

The Basilisk’s shadow fills the entrance.

Harry backs up,

his voice trembling.

HARRY

I can’t fight this…

what am i supposed to do?

(eyes upward)

my King… help me.

Please help me

———

A rush of wind blows

Through a break in the stone above —

Hedwig dives in,

wings flaring wide.

She lets out a piercing,

trumpet-like cry.

A burst of white light fills the tunnel,

searing across the Basilisk’s face.

The serpent recoils,

thrashing,

vanishing back into the dark.

———

INT. CHAMBER – THRONE

The scroll rests on the stone seat —

glowing faintly in its cracked case,

like a heartbeat.

He seizes it —

the parchment is warm,

pulsing against his palms,

almost alive.

Ginny is still slumped on the floor,

unmoving.

A shadow sweeps across them.

TOM RIDDLE steps forward from the gloom

— face twisted now,

the calm mask gone.

His voice is no longer smooth,

but sharp,

edged with rage.

TOM

You think that paper will save you?

It’s mine, Potter.

It’s always been mine.

———

(He circles,

fast,

snake-like.)

TOM

Kneel before me,

and I’ll spare you…

We can still build the everlasting kingdom together —

right HERE right NOW on earth

yours and mine —

with you at my right hand

Harry grips the scroll tighter, backing up.

———

HARRY

I’ll never serve you.

(Tom’s eyes flash red.

He lunges —

with words,

each one dripping venom.)

TOM

You’re weak.

Alone.

You’re not a chosen one

You serve zero purpose

No one

is coming for you.

That bird?

She won’t save you twice.

You’ll die down here,

and the world will forget you

— just like they forgot me.

———

Harry flinches —

the voice feels like it’s inside his skull now,

pressing,

heavy.

His knees tremble.

Tom’s face looms closer.

TOM

Surrender to me, Potter.

Give me your vow.

(Harry’s voice shakes.)

HARRY

No…

No

NOO

NOO

I WILL NEVER BOW TO YOU IN MY LIFE

OVER MY DEAD BODY

———

HARRY

(opens the scroll)

TOM

what are you doing?

(harry begins to read with all his heart)

TOM

STOP IT

NO

(Tom rears back,

ready to strike.)

harry speaks:

HARRY

(loud, unshaken)

"the king declares:

You were the seal of perfection,

(TOM SHRIEKS, writhing in pain.

(His body begins to wither slowly, growing BLURRY more

Tom strikes a blast of green light,

it streaks past —

Harry dives,

rolls,

comes up fast.)

"**full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.**

(Tom strikes again — Harry blocks, sparks flying)

Your heart became proud on account of your beauty,

(TOM's body becomes weak unable to strike further

They circle each other)

and you corrupted your wisdom because of your splendor.

(Harry steps forward, voice rising)

So I…..

threw you to the earth.”

———

The words ignite.

A blinding light pours from the scroll,

flooding the chamber.

Tom Riddle staggers back —

his form flickers,

smoke rising from him.

TOM

(voice breaking)

NO

this isn’t the END

POTTER

AHHHHH

The last threads of black haze

vanish into the shadows.

INT. CHAMBER – THRONE – AFTERMATH

Silence presses in —

only the faint coo of Hedwig far above.

Harry lowers the scroll.

His hands are still trembling.

On the floor,

Ginny stirs again —

her breathing quick,

uneven.

Her eyes flicker open.

GINNY

(weakly)

Harry…?

(Harry kneels beside her.)

HARRY

It’s over.

You’re safe now.

(Her gaze darts around the chamber

— the massive stone serpents,

the empty dais.)

GINNY

I—I heard him.

Even when I tried to stop listening.

i just couldn’t

He sounded… right.

At first i guess

But every time I followed,

it got darker.

Like… like walking deeper into somewhere

you can’t get out of.

(Her voice cracks.

She clutches Harry’s arm and buries her face into his shoulder.)

GINNY

I was so scared not to follow.

Like if I didn’t…

I’d be lost forever.

(Harry wraps an arm around her,

steadying her.)

HARRY

I know.

She pulls back,

searching his face.

HARRY

I’ve heard him too.

That voice.

It speaks in Parseltongue…

and it twists things to make them sound almost true.

GINNY

(quietly)

yes,

him

It makes you feel like you belong to him

HARRY

But you don’t.

Neither of us do.

(They sit there for a moment

— two kids who’ve both stood too close to the edge

and stepped back.

Harry helps her to her feet.

The scroll rests between them

like a fragile, living thing.

HARRY

Come on.

Let’s get out of here.

Together,

(they walk toward the stone doors

their steps slow, deliberate —

the scroll in Harry’s hands,

and Ginny’s grip firm on his arm.)

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE – DAY

Ron quietly slips out to send the owl,

leaving Harry alone with Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

First, Harry… thank you.

Whatever you did down there,

the kind of loyalty it must have taken…

that's rare.

HARRY

It wasn't just loyalty,

sir. (hesitates)

There’s… something I saw.

Something I’m still seeing.

DUMBLEDORE

Are you troubled!

HARRY

It’s… the scroll.

The one Riddle was using.

The words… they weren’t his.

They were ancient.

I could feel them.

And… they knew me.

DUMBLEDORE

Ancient?

Harry,

it was simply an artifact of dark magic—

HARRY (cutting in, gently)

No.

it was something older than him.

Sir… can I ask you something?

DUMBLEDORE

Of course.

HARRY

The founders.

All of them.

Why did they really build Hogwarts?

DUMBLEDORE (smiles faintly)

Ah.

History will tell you they came together

to train the most gifted witches and wizards of their age —

a sanctuary,

a place of learning.

That’s the tale we pass on.

HARRY

And your view?

DUMBLEDORE

(pauses, choosing words)

They were prodigies themselves.

Brilliant.

Flawed.

They wanted to shape the next generation in their own image.

Some believed magic was a responsibility to guide muggles

and other ordinary people

to protect the world

Others… saw it as a crown to be worn.

HARRY

So they didn’t build it for everyone?

DUMBLEDORE

Not quite.

Founders are dreamers, Harry —

and dreamers often dream for those they understand.

The rest… they leave to fend for themselves.

HARRY

And the witches among them?

DUMBLEDORE

(leans back)

no harry

Visionaries.

Some claimed they saw glimpses

of a mighty kingdom

through their craft.

Whether that was truth…

or the lure of their own reflections in the mirror…

history leaves uncertain.

(Harry studies him, weighing the words.)

HARRY

The scroll I found…

it didn’t sound like their kind of vision.

It sounded older.

It sounded… like it knew me.

DUMBLEDORE

Ancient words can feel that way.

after all even the oldest words can be used

to serve a founder’s purpose.

HARRY (softly)

Or to break it.

(They lock eyes.

Harry looks down,

not giving away the rest.

The moment hangs.)

———

DUMBLEDORE

You know the fact that you’re speaking Parseltongue at all

tells me

Voldemort left more in you than just a scar.

But whatever is in that scroll…

———

DOOR BURSTS OPEN – LUCIUS MALFOY strides in,

cloak sweeping the floor.

Dobby at his heels.

HARRY

Dobby!

This is your Master?

The family you serve is the Malfoys!

Dobby nods, chagrined.

Lucius Malfoy brushes past Harry.

LUCIUS MALFOY

Out of my way, Potter.

(to Dumbledore)

So! You've returned!

DUMBLEDORE

Yes. When the governors heard that Arthur Weasley's daughter had been taken into the Chamber,

they saw fit to summon me back.

Curiously,

several of them seemed

under the impression that you would

curse their families

if they didn't agree to suspend me in the first place, Lucius.

LUCIUS MALFOY

From the beginning,

my only concern has been the welfare of this school

and its students.

I assume the culprit has been identified.

DUMBLEDORE

Oh yes.

It was Voldemort.

Only this time,

he chose to act through someone else.

(Dumbledore nudges the scroll toward Lucius Malfoy,)

DUMBLEDORE

Fortunately, our young Mr. Potter discovered it.

(a chill to his voice)

One only hopes that no more of these ancient school things

find their way into innocent hands.

The consequences for the one responsible could be... severe

LUCIUS MALFOY

(eyes narrowing)

I don’t know what you’re suggesting,

Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

Merely… that ancient words,

when wielded by the wrong hands,

have a way of returning to their master.

(Lucius’s gaze drifts to Harry,

angrily

Lucius turns sharply,

cloak whipping behind him.

Dobby scrambles after him,

but not before glancing at Harry —

a look of gratitude and warning all at once.)

LUCIUS MALFOY

(as he reaches the door, without looking back)

well then, Enjoy your reading,

Potter.

(He sweeps out, the door slamming behind him.)

INT. HOGWARTS – MARBLE HALLWAY – DAY

HARRY

Mr Malfoy!

(Lucius stops,

half-turning,

eyes cold.)

LUCIUS MALFOY

Potter. Still clutching that trinket?

HARRY

It’s not a trinket.

But you wouldn’t care — you never did.

LUCIUS MALFOY

(smirks faintly)

If it’s mine,

then you’re stealing.

If it isn’t,

then you’re wasting your time.

go on be gone will you

HARRY

No…

i’m here for dobby

(Lucius’s eyes flicker —

the faintest crack in his composure.)

HARRY

You treat Dobby like dirt.

Like he’s nothing more than a servant you can beat

into obedience.

LUCIUS MALFOY

(shrugs lightly)

That is the nature of service,

Potter.

Some are born to lead.

Others to follow.

HARRY

You’re wrong.

That’s not leadership.

That’s slavery.

(Lucius steps closer,

voice dropping to a dangerous murmur).

LUCIUS MALFOY

Careful, boy.

If you think the world runs on kindness,

you’ll find yourself under someone else’s boot soon enough.

HARRY

Maybe

But not yours.

And not his.

(Harry nods toward Dobby.

The elf looks up, wide-eyed.)

HARRY

You didn’t even care about this scroll,

did you?

you knew Tom would hurt someone

still learning to hear the King’s voice.

You just wanted someone else to do your dirty work

and take the fall when it went wrong.

LUCIUS MALFOY

The cleverest pieces on the board are the ones

that don’t know they’re being moved.

Come Dobby…

INT. GRYFFINDOR DORMITORY – NIGHT

The tower is quiet now.

Laughter from the feast still lingers faintly in the air,

but the room is calm —

just the crackle of the dying fire.

Harry lies in bed,

the curtains half-drawn.

HEDWIG rests on the headboard,

feathers tucked in,

watching him.

Harry clasps his hands,

eyes closed.

HARRY

(whispering)

Thank You…

so much.

For Ron…

for Hermione…

for everyone who stood by me.

For keeping me safe…

for saving me from the trouble,

and the confusion.

(Harry pauses,

voice soft but steady.)

HARRY

I… I feel like I finally have a real family now.

Even if we’re all so different.

Even if I’m still learning.

(He exhales,

a smile forming.)

HARRY

Please…

keep them safe.

And keep me close to You.

(Harry opens his eyes.

HEDWIG blinks at him —

soft,

knowing.

Harry smiles up at her.)

HARRY

Goodnight,

Hedwig.

(He settles back into the pillow.

The moonlight washes over him,

gentle as a blessing.)

FADE OUT.